

# Babybash, Yeh suh

Chorus:

We Deep

(Yeh Suh!)

We Creep

(Yeh Suh!)

We throw, we blow

(Uh Huh, Yeh Suh!)

We Fly

(Yeh Suh!)

No Lie

(Yeh Suh!)

Off the Trank and the dank so High

(Yeh Suh!)

Verse 1:

It's my arrival, and my survival

I'm skyin higher then messiah an' his bible

Watch for that rifle

Watch for that psycho

Yo breezy chosen, n she lookin' kinda tight though

Now if you talk that talk

ya better walk that walk

don't let this pretty face fool ya

'cuz I'm a savage

like a Dallas Maverick

Got nephews that'll do ya

Snatch that jeerzy off your skeleton with the quickness

And if its wall ta wall betta gaurd your jaw we handlin bi'nness

Servin this game like tennis we up in this mean Muggin

Crackin the fuck up at them squares dream thuggin

Blowin our trees cousin

it gets sticky in the pain

Tricky in the tank

and don't miss me wit that dank

500 on the street equals 65 G's

In that Jordan briefcase like that boy from the piz

Bigger then show biz

so I'm stayin focused

When they holla at the club

&quot;How much them blows is&quot;

[Chorus x2]

Verse 2:

I remember when my thugz

showed me how ta slang heat Hollerin

fixin how ta talk man we gona bring beat Ya

now guess what I'm goin through and this what I stand fo

Thuggin ain't that legal but I'm doin what I can boy

But I sound small I as I is

sound as raw as I is

I pop n lift mic's while I bench press heads

Down is all in it

see niggaz ballin in it

Aiighty, tellin a sad story we know why I got it

Niggas bad at the game they ain't showin no love

Thats cold nigga deal with it show'em you thug

Havin, Partnah's in prision n a few dead friends

was the Streets way of showin me two dead ends

then the beats got to showin me you can make ends

Goin hard in the pank when the pussy boys can't

One thug that had some said that boy Bash

That manilla world send max pain comin for that ass. YESSAH!

[Chorus x2]

Hook:

I'm just a mack man

I'm just a mack man

and if its crackin where you mackin where you at man(x4)

[Chorus]

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